

Randy Fricke

"Boy's Night Out"

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Hot and damp with a full moon at midnight, I hear the
cats on the wall.

Right outside of my bedroom window, sounds like
they're havin' a ball.

They seem to come from miles around, to see what's
up with the boys.

These are the fellas that are runnin' this town, they're
the ones with the big toys.

We hear a scream, and then a shout, come on boys,
let's check it out.

We better run. We better scatter. Looks like the fat
boys, want to get fatter.

Sirens wail as the boys begin to bail, they've all been
raised in the streets.

In every alley behind every door, they look for
something to eat.

They leave home when Mama loses hope, and loses
faith in above.

Too bad such a sad waste of life, and such a sad waste
of love.

We got the need, we got desire, we live in pain, but
we're on fire.

It's our time. It's our way. We'll make 'em suffer. We'll
make 'em pay.

Hey this is so cool this is what we needed. (Boy's Night
Out!)

We'll break every rule 'cuz this is our Boy's Night Out.
Boy's Night Out!

We play such a dangerous game, it's more than cat
and mouse.

I'd love to stick around and show you how, but I don't
wanna play house.

Gettin' wild makin' lots of noise, it's getting out of
control.

It makes sense that all the gents, would wanna sit on
the pole.

At 2:00 A.M., it could be noon, it might just as well.

Rain or snow, be calm or blow, it's not an easy sell.
Ya wanna play? You're gonna pay. I get hard. Everyday.
I've done more, for so much less, I don't clean up. I
leave the mess.

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